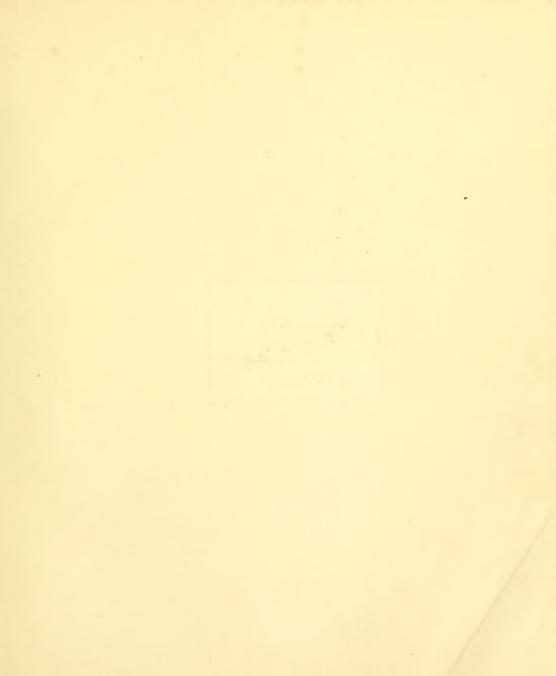


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

1949
Chap. Commingst Da.

Shelf H76 P5
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



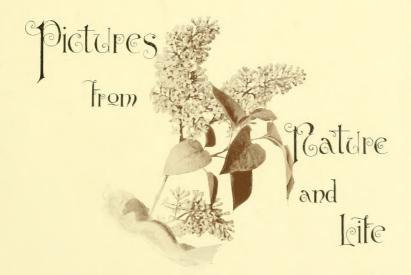


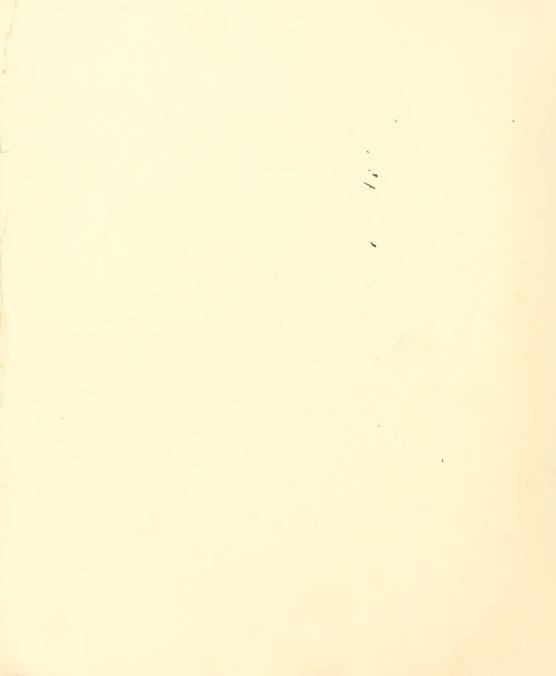












## Pichars

rom

## Patarc

and

Teife

Poems, by

Mate Raworth I Lawren

Illustrated by Helen E. Stevenson

CHICAGO

A. C. McGkURG AND COMPANY

1893



+ 3 Hurse

, COPYRIGHT By TA. C CPCCLURG AND CO. A.D. 1893 In all mishaps of childish years,

In all the hopes, in all the fears

That later came, one ever stood,

With tender loving heart, to make

Some fair excuse for faults, and take

Misfortune e'en, for hidden good.

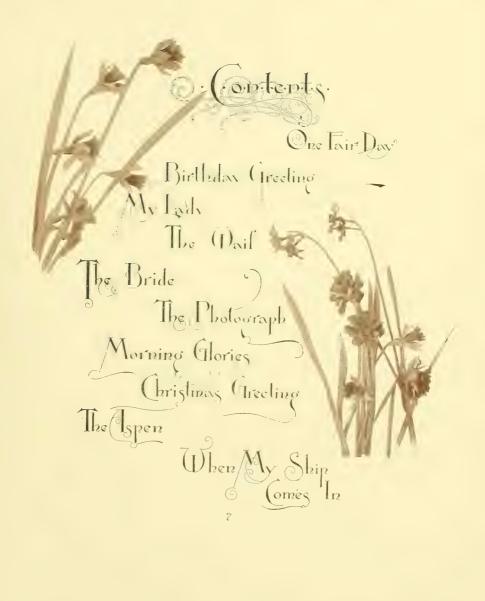
Mother, to thee we dedicate

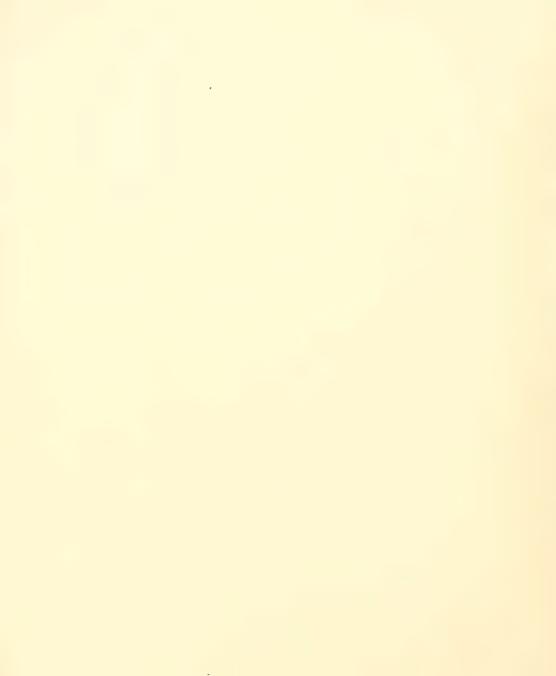
These leaves, and know, whateer their fate.

A kinder critic doth not live,

To find the good, and faults forgive.







## One Fair Day.

In a gallery of pictures,
That memory holdeth dear,
One fair day stands forever,
In colors bright and clear.



Twas a day in "Merrie England,-That lidy little isle Where Sol is somewhat moody, That change of his smile.



But on young and happy lovers, ... Who wild have the heart to frown. He smiled on us; and nature Tut on her fairest gown.





How green were the lanes and the hedges With ivy and hawthorne bound! How trembled the ferry as we plucked them!

The leaves on the birch and the maple, Were a sweet and tender green; The gold of the drooping laburium, And pink of the chestnuts were seen.









Its fairy-like and feather growly, Lightist breath of seption sugard, Its rosy-grand and subject made.



The hittoreups, and daying,
Were laughing in the grass,
The gentle wind-flower nodded,
My you and I did pass.

The golden corropsis.
With a stare did greet us;
The modest little violets,
Were too sty to meet us.



So they werkt and hid themselves
In a cosy nook;
But we found them you and I
Close beside the brook



I plucked them and you wore them,
Sweet captives, all the day;
They heard your heart's soft whisper—
Happy violets they!



The little brook was happy too,
Is we gat down begide her?
She played us many a merry prank,
And there was none to chide her.

She leaped, and danced, and they her Cloon the ferns and mosses,

And then she laughed and shipped away,

Over the stones and bosses.





Down to the meadows swift she ran; But there she lingered long.



And to the gentle cons, she song



We left her there; and wandered To a castle, old and grey,



Where many mighty warriors Tad feasted in their day.



But now a little maiden, A maiden neat and trim, Doth show the lonely castle And recite traditions dim.





How to the charge the noble lords, And ladies fair, would ride --I only knew the lady fair loved, was by my side. I cared not for the But let the tittle maiden talk And tell her story through. In older time this arched guite Was opened wide and grand, To the broad steps, and robbe court, Where you and I now stand. That Tower and winding stair Built in the time of Edward Third She kyon it well by heart.



The chapel, and the northwest lower, or Were later built, she said; was in the reign of Henry Sixth-How wise that little head!

And the long galler bosond,
Built last, as may be seen—
About the sixteenth century—
Elizabeth was queen.



Of the Iverels, and Vernons, Ind Ruttands, she did speak; Indive paid our humble reverence To the Monarch of the Peak."

We also paid the fittle maid
For all her eloquence —
If we were wiser, she I know.
Was richer by our pence.



Then through the leafy woods, and fanes,
We drove that perfect day,
Chait we saw where Kenilworth,
In her fair rain, lay.



As one too happy, goes to see

A tragedy in play,

We pensively recalled the times,

And actors, of her day;



Ind in that bright and peaceful hour,
Such happiness did know,
I was sweet to sigh for other's griefs,
Who died so long ago.

The revely of courts
Echoed within her halls,
Only the iny clambered o'er,
The tapestry that nature weaves,
That all their silken draperies,
Or broidered scenes of war.





Poor loving Amy Robsard gone
These many many years;
And Liecester too, for whom she shed
So many grievious tears.

Gone the false pride, that made him slight

To fawn at court, and seek, in vain, To share a sovereign's throne.

priceless jewel at his feet-This was apon a brabble fixed, That floated in the air.





Better at Anny's feet to learn
The lessons of the heart,
Than kneel before Elizabeth,
And play the coward's part.

And faughty Queen Elizabeth Could not avert the blow. E'en, with the force of English aims, That laid her proud head low.



Gone all the pomp and pageantry.

Gone all that crime could do;

Gone gallant knights, and ladies, fine—

Dearest, let us go too.



Sweet was the song of the starling, But sweeter far was the lay You sang in the twilight, darling, At the close of that fair day.

> For the bird's song, and the sunshine, And the flowers, were but a part Of the melody you sang, dear,







Js in this little vial,
So sweet, from Orient lands,
I see a field of roses,
Thicked he alonglished hands,

So all things sweet, and all things bright, Ind all things fair I see, On land, or sea, or in the clouds, Ire but a part of thee

> Thy form takes on the beautiful; Thy soul absorbs the true; So all of beauty and of truth; Dear heart, I see in you.





## A Birthday Greeting.

In dealing with the race;
To some he gives the silver crown,
Above a wrighted face.

I know a face he touches soft, With hand so gently kind,

Te smoothes the lines that core would make,

And brings sweet peace of mind.

They say lime is a pillerer,

And steals away each charmI know he has a favorite,

To whom he does no harm;

But each year brings an added grace, Each richer than the other, And says, as I do from my heart, God bless "The little Mother!"





## My Lady ~

In my lady's oval cheek,
Was the wild rose hue.

In my lady's lovely eyes, Were the violets blue.

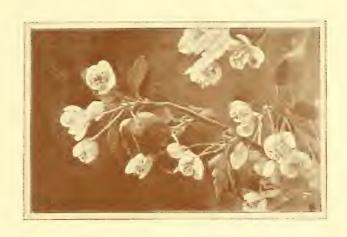
Was It lify fair white,
Pearls between her ruby lips,
Gold was in her hair.

In the little dainty chin, dimples played together, and her smile bright sunshine made,

In the duriest weather

Pink within the sea shall,
Were her finger-tips
When she spoke, sweet melody
Lingured on her lips.





Straight and delicate the nose,
With a first of pride
In her form, the willow
With the poplar vied.

Like an apple bloom, the tint On her perfect ear, Surely it was only formed, Sweetest sounds to hear.



The second second

Round her, baling breezes blew.

In her path, the flowerets grew, Glad to yield their fragrance sweet,

Pressed by my Lady's dainty feet.

Clad to give their perfumed breath,

And in giving, welcome death.

In so fair a casket,

Precious gems you'll findVirtues rare, a loving heart,

And treasures of the mind.

In what stately home, you ask,
Dwelt my Lady fair?
Twas a palace suitableMy- Castle in the air."



## \*Title Waif\*

Merry little obeery little vagrant he,
Out at the elbow, and ragged at the lynes,
A hole in his hot where the crown ought to be,
Singing like a lark in the cottonwood tree.



So slender and brown are
the bare little feet,
That wander at will through
the corrrowded street;
Soldwell in the could be may meet
Ohigh and could we greet
Misfortune so gaily,—



And hope for the best,

When the clouds gother dorkly - hoppy and blest

If one day be bright - trusting God for the mest

The sun will return though he sinks in the west

This little one knows not if he will be fed
With manna from heaven, with meat or with bread
Which the Lord from above doth as truly send
By the hand of a loving and earthly friend

The birdling awaits, with its wide open bill,
The Mother to come, and its hungry mouthfill.
With a trust that is boundless the boy waits still—
The Mother may leave him—but God never will.

Merry little cheery little vagrant he,
Out at the elbow and ragged at the knee,
A hole in his hat, where the crown ought to be,
Singing like alark in the cattonwood tree



## The Bride

To comete soon to claim list rate

She sitteth still, apart.

A pensive smile upon her lips,

A sweet thrill in her heart.

One moment ere she takes the vow To honor and to love,

One moment ere she places him Ill other friends







One monket one she takes the your



The mother dear, who hove her, when
Thomby, on her breast;
Whose loving care through twenty years,
Her happy life has blest.





The Cather, stern to all beside,

Ther willing slave would how;

The little sister, so beloved,

The can she leave them now?

The dear old home, her little room.
There child and maden dept.



Glad dreamed such sweet and happy dreams; Or on her pillow wept,

Georg like a summer shower, that leaves
The earth all fresh and fair;
The rain drops glistening in the sun,
And fragrance everywhere.



The girlish friends, whose aughter, soon on echo in her heart will be;

Zew ties, new cares, and griefs, may hap,

Will come of last owest maid to thee



The deepening mose tinds bring;
Then heart goes out to meet him,
Then lover and her king.



Perfect love, that knows no fear,
Even o'en a stormy sea,
To the port will safely steen

Fortune, fickle one, may frownShe will smile, she will caress.
The world with cruel thorns
She will honor, she will bless

Tair winds favor thy voyage!

Bright and long be thy days!

Loving companions attend thee!

God keep thee

in This ways!



## ~ The Photograph.

Sweet friend, how often thou hast begged a photograph of me to please thee dear, I sail for the

Trad not thought how many years

Trad not thought how many years

Trad come, and perssed away.

Until I looked upon the face

Send to thee today.

It was not pale and sad like this—







When the lips were ruby,
Then the eyes were bright,
When the pulse was bounding,
And the step was light.

When the voice was ringing With its matin strain, All the glad refrain.

When the laugh was clearest,
When the friends were nearest,
When the flowers were sweetest,
When the days were fleetest,



## When the night so softly



Gently dosed young eyes.



When the morn in glory,
O'er the hill tops broke.
When the heart in rapture,
From its slumber woke.

When love came - for one brief hour,

from off the flower.

As drooped the rose in mid-day sun,

So broke the beart—
life scarce begun.

Do I dream,

or was it so,

I in it fair off





Where do sweet sounds bide,
When the singer's lips are dumb?
Where do sunbeams hide,
When deepening shadows come?

Where is fragrance-who can loll,
When it lowes the hops belief

Where is beauty, when it goes

From the cheek, or from the rose





The rose will fade in autumn,

I hat bloomed so fair in June;

The sumboams all be scattered,

That were so bright at moon.



The song-bird will be silent In the darkness of the night; And youth will vanish quickly, And silently as light,

But love forever will abide.



## Atorning Glories.

There was a dear old-fashioned vine,
Whose tendrits lovingly would twine
Around a tree, or simple string,
Whose wealth of bloom and leaf would
cling.
And beautify its common parts
As we have known sometender hearts
To lavish love, where one might say,
Was throwing precious pearly
Toot viese perhaps, but they might load.

Bove given, where two, needed rist.

And so my morning-glories grew, And covered on unsightly view.



With folded arms they slept -





<u>(</u>):....

morning

They worke, and gave such project and prayer. Its beauty breathers upon the cire



O. .. ng-slories! glorious morn, Endus life we, to the interior. Each dowy morn, a sweet surprise H: blo, mid for my happy syes Too morning were they quite the same; The red had caught a ruby flame-The ing and in the state of The czure a more heavenly blue -The pink had stolen the resylight, From cloudels fringe, that morning bright; And one I knew, that met my sight, It was sunset brought from yester-night With crimson stripes and lines of blue And hint of purple running through. Some robed in wilken gowns of white With satin streaks-like stars at night They shone mid dork and clustering leavegar Oi wondrous fabrics nature weaves!



Some were like amethysts in hue -. When the pink light is shining through, And some the largest ones I think Were royal purple, trimmed with pink, The one had nearly missed my view; A darling little baby blue! Whomat has the attended She timber & Both Karley ! And seemed to claim a sweet solute -The heart caressed - though lips were multer Each had a beauty of its own, And Otoria song with special tone





Elorica morting and care the heart

Through chuli wing and Acti lear Ohrough joys that will and the Chrough richest and the Che heart as kes I memory with the



A Christmas Grez 70.

The sunny day in Mexica,

(All days are sunny there)

I met a little dark-eyed maid,

With dayky tangled hair.

Parted in unconscious modesty—

And jewels rare she wore—

Her lustrous eyes, her teeth of pearls,

What need had she of more?

Agnile of wandrous sweelness
Lighted her alive face;
for voice was full of music,
ter air was full of grace,



At lifting high with dointy hund,
This little dish I send,
The back me see the colors through,
And day it for my friend.

The could stra see, then thee, What winning grace was it. It's on her bare brown shoulder, The little head she bent





I hought it, had she gove me free

A picture or my heart

That I must keep, although I try

To give to you a part.

The bode Aud bless me, and I send
The blessing now to you,
And with it take my warmest love
And "Merry Christmas" ton.





The Aspen

Aspen, at the mountain base,
Wherefore in this lonely place,
With that pale affinguish
face?



With the links a luxing, With the lips a gaivering,

Whispering ever to the breeze, Fell traditions of the trees-

Thy houghty sires of old.



How the holy one who gave His life, a sinful world to save, Was borne in secret to the grave.

And when the earth was mouning, And when the rocks were groaning,

When every tree and every flower, Felt the gloom of that dark hour,

When the your with drow in pain; When the veil was rent in twain; And the faithful wept in vain;

And the faithful wept in vain;

Mourning for the mighty dead;

Nature's dirage was chanted low;

Trembled all her sons in woe—

Thy sire alone uprose.



Why should we bow our heads in shame, And tremble? — we are not to blame; Pure are we in deed and name. Then went forth a stern deciree— Ever should the Aspentiee Tremble for that blasphemy And his limbs began a shivering, And his lips began a quivering, To the breeze he whispers ever To his bosom cometh never, Is it true what has been told -Does the sin forever hold-Left lo all, by one of old?

Heart, that trembleth so within, Full of Vanity and sin, Full of fear, and full of grief, Full of care without relief.

Is it for another's woe?

I cannot tell if it be so,

But 'tis orthodox, I know.



## "Uben My Ship Comes In."

Blow fresh, ye winds, and bring from afar, treasures of mine

Up with the gail! Oh avoring gale, bring her to me!

Tar, far oil, where the sky, and the sea, meet and embrace, O'er billowy waves, my longing eyes a faint speck trace.





larger I grows, O hearl, that beats so ast, Are those fair white sails, that stately ship, my ship at last! Tré my childhood's dréams, my youth's fond hopessolong al sea-And fairer visions of later years, coming to me!



Oh hasten, while hope, still brave and strong, her vigit keeps;

Tre the heart has weary grown at last,
and dreamless, sleeps

The path she makes in the foaming waves,

Oh the joy when my ship comes in-







